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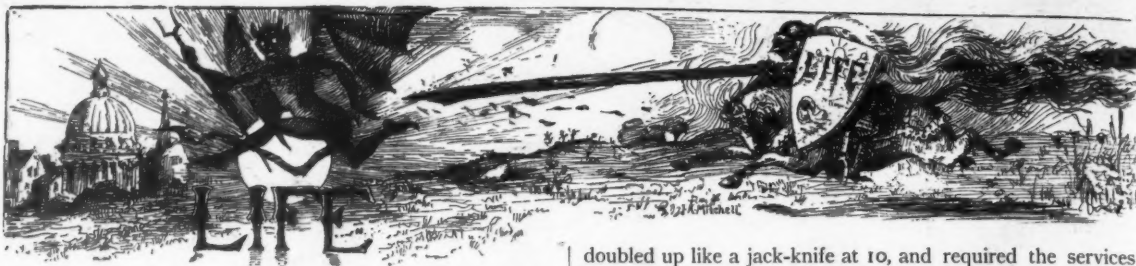
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JAM
A.



Whitelaw Reid: NOW, DON'T GET FRIGHTENED, JAMES, IT'S ONLY A RIPPLE.



VOL. IV. JULY 24TH, 1884. NO. 82.

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IT has been remarked by the fiendish provincial press that after having ruthlessly slain the liver-pad man, our esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, has gone into the business of issuing a cholera mixture warranted to kill, cure, or both, at first dose. This somewhat reminds us of the painful experience of Major JEDEDIAH SLOCUM in Dodge City, Kansas. The Major had emigrated from Minneapolis rather suddenly, owing to an unexpected fall in wheat just at the time when he had up for margins all the funds of the banks for which he was cashier. En route to Dodge City, he lost his military title, and registered at the hotel on his arrival as "Dr. Slocum, late of the Royal College." This sounded very large, and produced a powerful impression on the minds of the natives, and when the doctor represented that he had come West with a view to bottling Kansas air and shipping it to France as a cure for consumption, the interest rose to fever figures. He was called into consultation here and there, by his brother physicians, and as he had sense enough to look wise, say nothing, and agree perfectly with the doctor calling him in, he at once established himself in great favor. All went well for six months. Then came the Western cholera scare of '73, and the Dodge City Board of Health braced up and passed resolutions to crush the plague, much as our Board of Health are doing now. The following week appeared a gorgeous preparation, entitled "Slocum's Sure Cholera Drops and Preventive, Price One Dollar." The drug stores were bountifully supplied; the streets were lined with placards showing that both the Emperor of Russia and the Kahn of Tartary owed their lives to the wonderful mixture; the local doctors vied with each other in recommending it, and pocketing the usual ten per cent.; and Dr. Slocum began to feel again almost like a cashier. A week later an epidemic swooped down upon Dodge City. It was undoubtedly cholera in its worst form. Citizens left home erect at 9 A. M., were brought back

doubled up like a jack-knife at 10, and required the services of an undertaker at 2. The Slocum mixture went tremendously. The more it was used the more it was needed. Graveyard shares advanced fifty per cent; the coroner began lending money, showing a mortuary prosperity never known in that section before, and Dr. Slocum was rapidly becoming the richest man in the State. Then came a collapse. A low and envious druggist, to whom wholesale rates on the mixture had been denied, subjected it to an analysis and proved it to consist of 1 part Cayenne pepper, 2 parts oil of vitriol, 2 parts plug tobacco and 4 parts oxalic acid.

The news spread. That night at 12 the populace surged in the front door of the doctor's residence without the formality of ringing the bell, just as he passed out by the back. They then made a bonfire of his stock of the Preventive and other personal estate. He was then captured on the outskirts of Dodge City and placed in charge of a committee with power to act. The committee deliberated two hours. At the expiration of that time four brooms, half a barrel of tar and two feather beds were donated by cheerful contributors, and the Doctor was bid a clinging frontier farewell. No case of cholera appeared on the following day, and Dodge City has enjoyed an immunity from the dreaded plague up to the present, when this simultaneous news of Toulon and our contemporary seems to threaten anew.

* * *

MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK and his Sunday Closing Committee, composed of an advanced guard of angels, sent down from heaven, complete save the conventional halo of gold around their heads and which is here to be found around their pockets, bob up serenely once more clamoring for the protection of their high-strung morals, which are severely hurt by the Music in the Park on Sundays.

We sympathize with these gentlemen.

It is a shame that after the week's round of pleasure which has been obtained only at some individual cost, they should be disturbed while taking their weekly rest by the vulgar amusement of those horrid people who have to work all the week.

If the public does not take some action to stop this heinous Sunday Music business, they ought at least subscribe for some means of sending the injured Saints to some quiet spot where their rest may be undisturbed.

LIFE suggests a Polar Exhibition for them at public expense.

Subscriptions will be received at our office.



TEN LINES ON TENNIS.

*MY heart it is a tennis ball,
And gaily do you whack it :
I strike—rebound ; I fly, I fall—
I tumble to your racket.*

O lady of the vernal court !
My heart is sore entangled
In Cupid's net, whereto in sport
Your fair arm—silver-bangled—
Hath struck it (a poor tennis ball)
To play another at its fall !



CAMPAIGN CHORUS.

SUNG WITH GREAT EFFECT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Blainists—

"Here we are, and here we goes,
We are the fellows what gets in the blows."

Independents—

"And we are the fellows that turn on the hose."

GOOD name for a Western church after a tornado—St. Rufus.

"FACILE decensus Third Avenue," muttered the school-boy, as he slid on the ice into the Bowery and his books flew in all directions.

IN Dr. Smith's History of Greece we are told that the Spartan boys were "so inured to privation that they wore but one garment winter and summer." A clothing house upon Broadway displays a large sign, reading, "Pants exclusively." Does this indicate a return to the Spartan custom? And if so, does it not show that the growth of luxury, which our ethical teachers so much lament, has, at last, been somewhat checked?

CAMPAIGN ANECDOTE.

SHORTLY after Mr. Blaine was nominated, he called on a friend in Washington and found him very much worked up over a new arrival in the family, which, in deference to the honors lately conferred upon the illustrious battery, was named James G. Blaine Jones. Mr. Blaine was a constant visitor at the house for several weeks after this event, until one unfortunate afternoon he called there and found all the family out, except the baby and his little brother.

"Hello, Blaine," said the youngster. "I'm darned glad you came. I'm tired playin' with the kid. Just give the cradle a Little Rock, won't yer?"

Mr. Blaine does not often lose his temper, but, there being only one vote in the family, he gave himself over to anger, and after wreaking his vengeance on all within reach, he left the house forever.

If the child recovers, he will be re-christened Stephen Grover Cleveland Jones.

MARY ANDERSON has been captivated by the Prince of Wales. She has written to say that she quite likes the sun and air of Britain.

A COUP de grass—that given by the lawn mower.



COMPETITION.

Lord —: YAAH, BUT THERE IS NO ROMANCE OR ANTIQUITY OR ANYTHING OVER HEAH. WHY, ON MY UNCLE'S ESTATE IN SCOTLAND, THERE IS A HOUSE THAT HAS BEEN HAUNTED FOR OVER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS BY SIR GREGORY'S CURSE—NOTHING LIKE THAT OVER HEAH!

Mr. —: OH, YES! THERE IS McCOMB'S DAM.

"DO COME AGAIN SOON."

"WON'T you really take off your gloves?" asked Miss Brown, by way of conversation. "Aw—thanks, no," replied Pilkins. "I've got to go in a minute."

"Thank Heavens!" said the young lady to herself. "He's been here a full hour and has n't said one word." An inspiration struck her, and she walked over to a side table.

"Oh, Mr. Pilkins," she said, returning with a paper in her hand. "Have you seen last week's LIFE?"

"Ye-es," answered Pilkins. "They brought that out at the last three places I've been to."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the young lady as she resumed her seat in despair.

"Did you go to the dog show last winter?" she asked after a ten minutes pause, during which he had studiously regarded the carpet.

"Yes," answered Pilkins.

"Why, I did n't know you were there," she said, and then added absent-mindedly—"but then, how could I? I did n't have a catalogue."

The silence was again broken only by his saying—"Really, I must be running up town, Miss Brown. Had an awf'ly jolly call, I 'sure you."

MRS. GUBBINS' LATEST.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Broadway was very crowded. Mrs. Gubbins in trying to cross over, realized, as she expressed it, that her husband had the makings of a widower in him, for, first her bonnet was knocked off by an omnibus pole, then her parasol caught and broke in a wheel, and her dress was covered with mud. At last, however, she caromed off the rear end of a truck and landed on the curbstone, where supporting herself by a telegraph pole she gasped:

"Well, the Bible was right when it said it was Broadway that led to destruction!"

And then Mrs. Gubbins took a cab home, where after soothing herself with some raspberry water she proceeded to enjoy yesterday's *Herald*.

"Wagner Concerts," she read among the advertisements. "Goodness," she exclaimed, "has that man given up building drawing-room cars and taken to giving concerts instead?"

R. K.

CAN a man who writes a poem on a hat be described as vers-a-tile?



NOT TO BE BULLDOZED.
WELL DONE, OLD GIRL.

BOOKISHNESS

EDGAR FAWCETT'S LATER POEMS.

EDGAR FAWCETT has so frequently appeared as a social satirist in prose, of late, that we are apt to forget that he first appealed to the public as a clever writer of verses, a collection of which he published several years ago. A volume of his later poems has just appeared, called "Song and Story." Mr. Fawcett is "saddest when he sings." In his prose there is little that is gloomy, for his fine cynicism is feathered with wit, and darts through the shadow into the light. It would be natural to expect that the author of "An Ambitious Woman" would write verses like Frederick Locker or Mr. Bunner. But this volume is in a very different key. "Alan Eliot," the narrative poem which fills the first fifty pages, is an admirable piece of work, though the tale is tragical and the tone sombre. "A Mood of Cleopatra" and "The Doubter" are in a similar solemn strain. The fact is, away from Fifth Avenue and Newport, Mr. Fawcett is a melancholy creature, as disconsolate as a clown without his cap and bells.

When you close this dainty volume with its fine linen leaves, rough edges and gilt top you will carry away with you, in your heart, perhaps, the melody of the "German Cradle Song,"

the tenderness of "Consolation" and the beautiful story of "The Singing of Luigi." Then you may forgive Mr. Fawcett for linking, in a sonnet, the poet of the Sunflower with the name of Keats. (J. R. Osgood & Co.)

DROCH.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE WIFE OF MONTE-CRISTO. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306 Chestnut Street.

Song and Story. Later Poems by Edgar Fawcett. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co.

Notes on the Opium Habit. By Asa P. Meybert, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

POLITICAL CONUNDRUMS.

Mr. Mullin has written a James G. Blaine "march."

Is it the same Mr. Mulligan with the "ga" left out, who made the "Plumed Knight" walk Spanish in 1876?

If Mr. Logan liked "nigger hunting" in 1859, why does he not go South and tell the colored voters all about it now?

If John Kelly stabbed Gen'l Hancock in the back in '80, what are the chances of his supporting the Democratic nominee in 1884?

BOOMLETS.

AN article on "The *World* a Thousand Years Ago" is now going the rounds of the press.

It fails to state whether that organ supported Mr. Tilden at that period.

* * *

THE Independents are straining every nerve to attain success next November.

Even churches are offering up prayers for those at sea.

* * *

THE *Times* elegantly remarks that Butler has not yet decided whether he will be a "fly on the wheel" or a "jackass dancing among chickens." In other words, the favorite of the "masses" can't say whether he will be a hummer with the Democrats or a "kicker" among "scratchers."

* * *

THE flag on the *Tryblaine* building was hung at half mast last Monday. Sorrow came over the sanctum, and the campaign poet wept bitterly.

Mr. Blaine had not attended church the day before.

* * *

THE *World* in claiming the immunity of both the Democratic candidates from rhymsters, is at least assailable in regard to Hendricks, who eight years ago was only known as

"Thomas A. Hendricks,
Sam. Tilden's appendix."

* * *

OF course, Mr. Dana does not think Mr. Cleveland the best man for President. Even if Bayard were laid aside, Mr. Charles A. Dana is in the country; and if he would n't accept, there is the editor of the *Sun* to fall back on.

Cleveland, indeed! pshaw!

* * *

THE chief objection to Mr. Cleveland seems to be that he has had no training in National legislation. On the other hand, Mr. Blaine has had a little too much. Railroad training, so to speak.

* * *

WHAT the Independents want is not so much one who is more available than Mr. Blaine as one who is less unavail-able.

SCIENCE!

LIEUT. GREELY is rescued.

His contributions to science are incalculable, but we still feel that Dr. Tanner is ahead. What specific service the Lieutenant has rendered the scientific world no one seems to know, but he has given convincing proof that a strong will and a good stomach may enable one to subsist upon very poor food for a very long time.

As long as there are men who prefer hat-bands and old boots to the conventional beefsteak, these little picnics to the Arctic regions will probably continue.



A FREAK OF DESTINY.

IT was on the steamer. An elderly matron sat on the deck and beside her a charming young girl, whose brown eyes were fixed pensively upon the receding shores of Ireland. Her whole presence was strikingly suggestive of cultivation and refinement, and Mr. Pinckney Hancock felt a sensation of critical approbation as he regarded her through the medium of a single eye-glass.

That gentleman was returning to Boston after a five years' stay in England, where the alacrity with which he adopted British manners and the piquancy of his repressed Americanism had rendered him a great success in society. Matrimony he had happily escaped, although at the last there was a rather serious entanglement with Lady Gwendolen Tisbrook; and frantic cablegrams flew under the Atlantic from Mrs. Hancock, begging him to recollect that the Tisbrook rank only dated from George IV., and that Boston would be scandalized should a Hancock stoop to such an alliance. The lineal descendant of a New England Puritan owes some concessions to his family and the aristocracy at large, and Mr. Hancock realized the fact. Nobly determining to sacrifice himself, he threw over the Lady Gwendolen, to the intense astonishment of London society and the joy of Beacon Hill, and all would have gone smoothly had not the lady's brother seen fit to take a deplorably plebeian view of the matter. He denounced Mr. Pinckney Hancock loudly in the clubs as a heartless scoundrel, and breathed such sonorous vows of vengeance that the descendant of the Puritans, dreading a scene of vulgar emotion and excitement, thoughtfully engaged an immediate passage by the "*Begonia*," and was soon on the way to his native land.

Now he became suddenly and desperately enamored of the beautiful girl whom he had observed upon the deck. He prided himself upon his skill in discerning a really patrician face in the motley throng of Americans which makes ocean travel so trying to finer sensibilities; and he felt, too, instinctively, that she was, like ~~himself~~ ^{himself}, the offspring of River-mouth Puritans.

"Jove!" he said to himself with a languid British drawl.

"If she's from Rivermouth—and I'll soon find out—there can't be any reason why I should not know her!"

And when, on the third day out, he was assured that she came from Rivermouth, he managed with great speed and skill to make her acquaintance.

She was Dorothy Alden, just seventeen, and with all the loveliness that violet eyes and a wealth of auburn hair could bestow. She had been for six long years at Fontainebleau with Mme. Tabôt, and vowed, with a dainty little French twist in her English, that she hardly recollected her American home at all. "Dear papa!" she said, sighing deliciously. "It is very long that I have not seen him. But I love him. And, do you know (this in a confidential whisper), he is so rich!"

And Mr. Hancock felt for the first time an uneasy doubt; for, in the days before his departure for England, unlimited wealth was certainly not characteristic of a Rivermouth aristocrat.

The end might have been foreseen. It was not love, for Dorothy knew nothing of sentiment, just escaped as she was from the strictness of a foreign school; while Bostonians long ago determined to leave that tawdry and inelegant emotion to the lower classes; and Mr. Hancock was too intelligent to question the justice of a Boston decision. But two hearts had learned to beat vehemently and two heads were completely turned, and as the voyage drew toward its close Pinckney threw caution to the winds and suggested that they should be privately and expeditiously married upon the arrival of the ship. Dorothy, charmed with the unconventionality of the plan, assented at once; and they accordingly stole quietly off when the dock was reached. Great was the terror of Dorothy's duenna when she found that her charge had escaped, and, after telegraphing the bereft father, she settled herself in a fashionable hotel, at his expense, to await further developments.

In the meantime the runaway couple had been united in the holy bonds of matrimony by a Ritualist clergyman who intoned the services beautifully through his nose; and then repairing to the Brunswick they telegraphed the announcement of the auspicious event to their parents, and anxiously looked for the replies.

At first a budget of letters came; and after Mrs. Pinckney had selected two or three, her husband took his own and walked away to the window to open them with uncertain fingers, for he felt rather doubtful as to his mother's reception of his news. But how could she fail to approve of a real Rivermouth Alden.

Pretty Mrs. Pinckney heard all at once a groan, and looking up beheld the bridegroom purple with passion and a crumpled paper clenched in his fingers. This was his mother's letter:

DEAR PINCKNEY:

There are *no* girls in the Rivermouth Alden family. *The children were all boys!* Whom have you married? We are ruined in the eyes of Boston forever!

Mt. Vernon Street, Tues

Mr. Hancock seized hi

agonized mother,

ABIGAIL QUINCY HANCOCK.

by the arm.

"Tell me!" he cried hoarsely, "are you from Rivermouth, after all?"

"Why, yes, Pinckney," she said, wonderingly. "Papa was a plumber, you know; and we have lived in Rivermouth ever since he retired, ten years ago."

Great drops of agony started out on his brow, and a low moan broke from his pallid lips. Tightening his hold on her arm he gasped, feverishly:

"And your grandfather, girl—your grandfather?"

"Why, Pinckney," she answered again, "you frighten me! My grandfather? I do not believe I ever had any!"

And with a cry of unutterable horror Pinckney Hancock fell senseless at her feet.

M. E. W.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

[From *Chambers' Journal*.]

WHEN continental advertisers, bent upon lightening British purses, rashly adventure to attack Englishmen in their own tongue, the result is often disastrously comical. The proprietor of a "milk-cure" establishment in Aix-la-Chapelle, "founded before twenty years of orders from the magistrat," boasts that his quality of "Suisse and his experiences causes him to deliver a milk pure and nutritive, obtained by sounds cow's and by a natural forage." One Parisian hosier informs his hoped-for patrons he possesses patent machinery for cutting "sirths"—Franco-English, we presume, for shirts. Another proclaims his resolve to sell his wares dirty cheap; and a dealer in butter, eggs and cheeses, whose "produces" arrive every day "from the farms of the establishment without intermedial," requests would-be customers to send orders by unpaid letters, as "the house does not recognize any traveler." A Hamburg firm notifies that their "universal binocle of field is also preferable, for the use in the field, like in the theatre, and had to the last degree of perfection concerning to rigoreness and pureness of the glass;" while they are ready to supply all comers with "A Glass of Field for the Marine 52ctm objectiv opening in extra shout lac-leather étui and strap, at sh 35s 6d." This is a specimen of their "English young man's" powers of composition that would justify the enterprising opticians in imitating the Frenchman whose shop window was graced with a placard, bearing the strange device, "English spoken here a few."





POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PEROOVEN SENTER, jul 10, atè-fore.

GEN'REL JONES—CHARMAN REPUBLIKEN CUMITY:

dere Cer:—i'm a dide in the wule repub., as yu kno, but sens this cunvention at Shecaugo, ther's ben a ter'ble preshure on mi hart. i'm afered blane ain't agoen down our throtes hear in Perooven senter, onless sumthins dun rite of, and mi konshuns wunt let me voat fer nothen but onast men, nohow, an i dont se, gen'rel, how i'm goen to swaler jim blane, not if wat i here tel on him be fax an not fixion, as the po-ats sa.

Tha tel me that blane is aginst sivel cervis reform! an thet he's rit a buke, like them litery felows up to Boston. But of cors i dont bleve thet, nohow, an thet his rekurd aint gude.

Now ples ancer at wuns. Remembur i cary thirty-to voats an want to voat fer our kandate if he's al squair. Du yu think he wud du anythen fer me, perlitikel, i mene, if he wus lekted? i'm afered he want a holi choys.

Yurs in trubbel,
SQUIR' JORKINS.

STATE REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS,
Jul 12, 1884.

SQUIRE JORKINS:

Admired and respected Sir, and life-long Republican co-adjutor:

The Grand Old Party of Freedom, Reform and Retrenchment is marching with mighty strides to *sure and certain victory*, and the resonant sounds of triumphant millions marching to the polls of a free and enfranchised nation, are even now echoing in every patriotic heart.

Y'rs, GENERAL ———.

P. S. There's to be a change in the Custom House at ———. You know for whom *I* would vote. *If our party wins*—but I need say no more.

PEROOVEN SENTER, jul 16 forth.

dere Gen'rel:

yur leter jest resevd, an meni thanks fer yur elackrati in releven the preshure from mi hart, tho yu du sling dikshunery an no mistak.

Wen i seed your P. s. mi enthooseasm wus up.

"blane and logan ferever!" ses i, akisen the chase sheet on wich yur leter wus rit: "3 cheres, an i'l trete al roun fer viktery in novembur."

& the korkus adjerned fer rafreshmence.

Thank yu, Gen'rel fer thet P. s. tha sa the repub. party is goen bakwurd, but i ges not. if blane maks me Culektur, thet dont look as if the party of Lincun and garfeeld wus agoen bakwurd, duz it? Yur leter, of cors, dispeled al mi douts. i think blane is a 2nd Lincun, an glad to kno he's al rite on sivel cervis reform, an never rit a buk.

P. s. i jest gut i voat for blane.

n. b. its mi hired man pete.

"hullo! pete," ses i, agoen down seller ware he wus aworkin. "how du yu stan perlitikel?"

"wy, same as yu du, Squir," ses he; "i'm a litle of kulor

this yere, caus thet ol perlitikel mountiebank, jim blane—"pete!" ses i, with a glair in mi i, "dont yu dare say nothen agin jim blane."

an i pawsd fer a repli.

he kinder kulord, an i jest told him i want goen to hire no sòreheds ner demkrats in disgise, an he cud voat fer blane or mak traks. i hed him ther, eh, Gen'rel?

i here the independunts are kiken. Let em kik, i sa. i'm goen to Bostun sune, an i ges i'l fiks sum of em fer the gran ol party, thet is if enflooens an mupni kan du it.

Yurs fer Viktery in novembur,

SQUIR' JORKINS.

P. s. wen's he goen out, i mene the custum hous man? jest tel blane i'm wurking fer him hart an sole. *Aju.*

A MEMORY.

SHE dropped her glove—

Perhaps in love;

He stooped and picked it up.

She flushed and smiled,

The artless child,

And asked him home to sup.

He answered "No,"

Then turned to go,

And blushed beneath her glance.

And off he went—

For when he bent

He'd badly split his pants!

BATTLE-AXE.

A CHANGE of heir—the birth of a second son.

GREAT staying powers—those of the girl of the period.



SCIENTIFIC

THE ELECTRIC GIRL.

MISS ZULU BURST, THE "LOUISIANA WONDER"—STARTLING MANIFESTATIONS OF MAGNETIC POWER—A SUPERHUMAN DISPLAY OF MUSCULAR ENERGY.

FOR the past week the attention of the nation has been diverted from the Chicago Convention and the American Lacrosse team to the phenomenal performances of Miss Zulu Burst, the "Louisiana Wonder," who is electrifying audiences at a metropolitan theatre. As the accounts of her feats have been more or less exaggerated, we will give our readers a truthful and ungarnished report of what she does without attempting to explain how she does it.



ANCESTRAL.

TIME, A.D., 1684.

Puritan: OH YE GODLESS ONES! LAY NOT UP TREASURES FOR YOURSELVES ON EARTH WHERE MOTH AND RUST DOTH CORRUPT, AND WHERE THIEVES BREAK THROUGH AND STEAL!

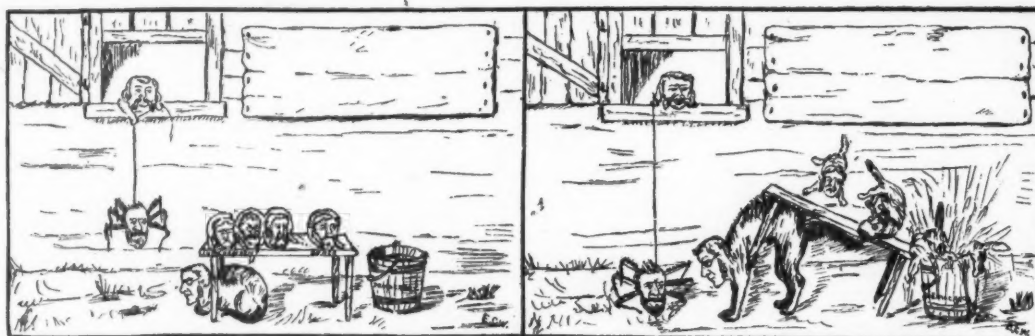
Chorus of Morris Dutchmen: SHOOST VAIT AVILE; VE VAS NOT LAYING OOP DREASURES FOR OURSELF, PUT VOR VAT YOU CALL BOSTERITY. WE ARE GOING TO FOUND AN ARISTOCRACY, DON 'D IT?

Miss Burst, it may be said, although possessed of a great deal of "personal magnetism," is not from Maine. She is a Louisiana blonde, wears an eight-inch smile, a thirteen shoe and is certainly very "attractive."

The first test of her powers was as follows: A young man (well known in athletic circles) was induced to come upon the stage, and, standing in full view of the audience, held in both hands a closed umbrella, which was loaned by an obliging spectator. The young man grasped the umbrella firmly, and held it in front of him at arms' length. The Electric Wonder thoughtfully stroked her bang, regulated her smile, and then softly touched the umbrella with the palm of her hand. The umbrella excitedly flew from the young man's hands—smote him four times on the left occipital bone of his cranium, thrice on the right parietal bone, and nine and a half times on the

nose. When the young man had been picked up and court-plastered, the audience asked him to tell them all about it. He described it as quite a celebration, and said the fire-works were as brilliant as any he had ever seen. The Roman-candles he considered particularly brilliant. Meanwhile the stage-manager was trying to find enough of the umbrella to return to the obliging spectator. A scientific expert present stated that in his opinion the owner of the umbrella felt much worse than the young man.

In the next experiment, a stout man with a freckled countenance did a double song and dance act with a cane-seat chair, although he did his best to pose in a dignified position with one arm resting on the back of the chair, as if he was having his tin-type taken. When the chair got done with him, he was found to have lost three waistcoat buttons, and every single freckle. Various appli-



HARMONY.

DISCORD.

ADAPTED FROM A WELL-KNOWN DRAWING.

cants now tried their fortune. A candidate named Butler, had the tired expression removed from one eye; a lady troubled with obesity lost twenty-two pounds and a seven dollar switch of auburn hair, and a popular alderman lost his balance and sat down on the footlights.

The "wonder" then requested gentlemen to step on the platform who thought they could handle a billiard cue, and four champion pool-players and half a dozen stock brokers responded with alacrity. The Electric Girl, having smilingly coaxed them to take hold of the cue, piled up the furniture and then proceeded to wipe up the stage and dust off the scenery with her accommodating assistants. When the gentlemen had retired to the dressing-room, the stage-manager called for voluntary contributions of string and safety-pins in order to enable them to make up their toilets for reappearance in public. One of the stock brokers who has seen two Western cyclones, three boiler explosions and the bottom knocked out of the oil market said that it was the worst flurry he had ever been in, during his entire experience.

At this point in the proceedings there were repeated calls from the audience for John L. Sullivan, Esq., Charles Mitchell and other popular athletes. In response to numerous requests, Mr. Sorakichi, the Japanese wrestler, tried five rounds catch-as-catch-can with a white-ash settee, which Miss Zulu merely touched with one of her delicate hands.

Mr. Sorakichi found it hard work to make the audience understand how it happened, as several of his front teeth were missing, owing to the wrestlessness of the settee.

"Me catchee heap plenty lestling," he said. "Plenty bumpee. Heap sore. Electlicity allee samee Capt. Williams,—allee samee mulee hind-leg. Me catchee plenty!"

These are the simple facts; the explanations we leave to the vivid imagination of the scientist of the *Tribune*.

CARLSBAD.

THE Democratic party had better buy a bottle of Perry Davis's Payne-killer before next election.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

[ADAPTED FROM TAINE.]

I. CHAUCER.

THIS great man, of whom you have all heard, was born some time in the XIV. Century. There has been some dispute as to the exact year, some claiming that he first saw the light in 1328, others naming 1340, while a few learned critics insist that both these dates are correct. Chaucer has been called "The father of English poetry." The unsophisticated student might imagine from this that he wrote poetry himself. This, however, would be a grievous mistake, and it would be well to get rid of this delusion as soon as possible. In glancing at a page of his works a casual observer might also conclude, from the arrangement and seeming regularity of the lines, that he was looking at metres—but a closer inspection will invariably dispossess him of such an absurd idea.

Chaucer has also been called "the well of English undefiled." From this one would naturally infer that he is just the writer to introduce into female seminaries and boarding-schools. This again is a sad error. The preceptress of the Seminary that adopted an unmodified Edition of Chaucer would be obliged, within six months, to take up female pedestrianism to make her living. The critics state that no man since has written such poetry as Chaucer. They are right. Nobody has,—and *we* have that to be thankful for.

II. SPENSER.

SPENSER lived two hundred years after Chaucer, and therefore had no close intimacy with him. It is necessary to make this clear to the young student of Literature, who otherwise may become confused on hearing Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton mentioned in a breath, as if they were great chums and boon companions. We wish also to put our young friends on guard against the idea that Spenser wrote on Evolution. He didn't have time, otherwise he doubtless would have done so. Although Spenser

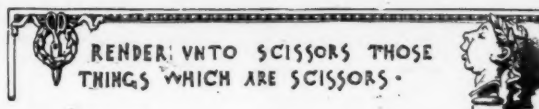
lived nearly twenty years in Ireland, he *was not* an Irishman. Do not be led astray by this fact. Neither was he an Agitator, although it is said that he was considerably agitated when his house was sacked and burned, and his child murdered by rebels. In regard to his principal work, the Fairy Queen, do not be discouraged because you cannot make out its plot—Nobody can. It has no plot.

Its greatest charm lies in the sensuous beauty of its language. It may be used with great effect to produce somnolence in your girl's father after dinner. Ask him if he is fond of Allegory, and if he says yes (thinking it is something to eat), fire the I. book at him. Read judicious selections to the little creature and he will at first gasp, then gurgle, and soon become unconscious.

III. MILTON.

BEGIN with his poetry, because he is best known as a poet, and besides, if you began with his prose you never would get through with it, and hence would never reach his poetry, which is his stronghold. Take up the "Paradise Lost" and read it steadily through; afterwards, if you feel hungry, you might begin "Paradise Regained." If you succeed in finishing both, and your general health is still good, you might star about the country as the Man with the Iron Nerve.

Do not confuse these poems with John T. Raymond's play, "In Paradise." There is no connection. Avoid condemning Milton because he speaks as if there was a hell. Remember that a certain poetical license is always allowable, and recall the fact that he had three wives.



SIGNS OF SUMMER.

THAT festive reporter,
The vocal mosquito,
Is whetting his bill and beginning to hum;
Marauding and roaming,
He floats through the gloaming,
And gaily announces that summer has come.

On fences star-litten,
The masculine kitten
Parades with the bristles erect on his back,
And soliloquizing
With tumult surprising,
He scorns the assaults of the nimble bootjack.

The people of leisure,
Intent upon pleasure,
To matters of business now bid an adieu;
At each Sabbath meeting,
With paternal greeting,
The preacher harangues the unoccupied pew.

With feet in the mire,
The fisherman liar,
Now baits his small hook for the catfish and perch;
From seraph and sinner,
The strawberry dinner
Now captures the shekels to help out the church.
—*St. Louis Spectator.*

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"ANOTHER bank official has left New York," says a news item. It is probable that he was so heavily laden with the funds of the bank that he could n't take New York along. Under such circumstances he would be obliged to leave it.—*Norristown Herald.*

A SOUTHERN claimant who was trying to push his claim through Congress, last week, failed because his proposition was unconstitutional. Meeting a friend, he said, "Well, Bill, I failed in that little matter." "How was that?" "On account of a blanked flaw in the constitution," was the reply.—*Hatchet.*

AN Atlanta man who was given a letter to mail eighteen years ago, posted it last week. If the letter contained a remittance for a suit of clothes bought on "tick," the creditor will not manifest any surprise at the long delay. He will merely remark, as he pockets the money: "Barkins is a little more prompt than usual."—*Norristown Herald.*

"BRIDGET," said Mrs. Wigglesworth to the new kitchen lady from Messina, "you may lay the table." "Is thy servant a hen that she should do this thing?" queried Mr. Wigglesworth, facetiously, as the door closed. "Why not?" returned his wife, for once coming to time, "she is a Biddy." And Mr. Wigglesworth said "H'm!" and went out to see if his sweet peas were coming up, and found that with the assistance of the neighbors' hens they were.—*Rockland Courier.*

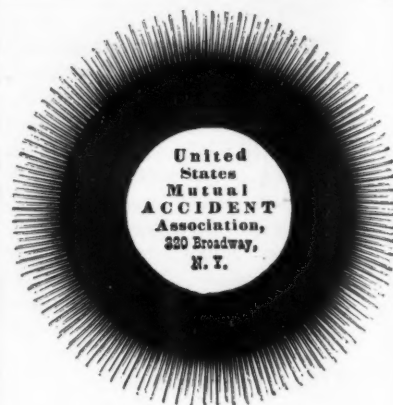
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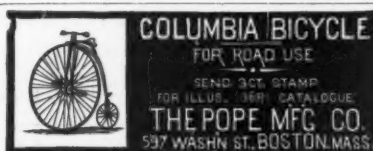
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